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FOUND.

FROM GOETHE: BY M. E. HARMON.

INTO the wood
Alone I went,
Though naught to seek
Was my intent.

But in the shade
A flow'ret stood:
It seemed to light
The dusky wood,

As stars illumine
A murky sky:
Or like the beam
Of Beauty's eye.

To break its stem
Was my desire:
So down I stooped,
And, bending nigher,

I seemed to hear
A gentle sigh:
"Must I be plucked
To pine and die?"

"No, no," I cried,
"That shall not be!
Thy roots, dear flow'r,
I'll take with thee."

Thus I took home
The lovely flow'r,
And bore it to
My garden-bow'r.

There, planted new
In quiet place,
Once more it blooms
With wildwood grace.

OSHKOSH, WIS.

Chicago Tribune.

MOZART AS A DRAMATIC COMPOSER.

To set Mozart down as a mere instinctive musical genius, lacking intellectual consciousness of his artistic intentions, as so many have done, is to do him an unpardonable wrong. Any one who will take the trouble of looking a little deeper into Mozart's workshop will certainly not fail to admire the wonderful harmony and the logical proceedings that reign within its walls. Yet in spite of all our admiration for the great composer, it cannot be denied that in some of his opera arias portions find a place which, considered from a strictly dramatic point of view, are merely a tribute paid to the taste of his time. He could not always resist the temptation of giving to a great singer a favorable opportunity to exhibit his or her powers as a vocalist, though such kind consideration was sometimes bought too dearly, and at the expense of dramatic truth. But we know also what intrigues and neglect the great man had

all his life long to contend with; kind and genial as he was, he readily sympathized with his artists, and often gave way to their wishes when the imperative duties of the dramatic composer should have taught him to be less accommodating in what he must have known to be contrary to the requirements of truthful scenic action.

He was not egotistic enough to put his views forward as the only true ones, which, from his stand-point, he would have been perfectly justified in doing. But as his musical genius knew no bounds, he ventured willingly into all regions, and often gave lavishly where a wise economy of musical means would have served the dramatic purpose better. Such moments are, however, few and far between. The less musically gifted, philosophizing Gluck avoided those breakers. When he composed an opera, he endeavored to forget "that he was a musician," while Mozart was so much of a musician that the dramatist came sometimes in danger of being lost to sight. One of these purely musical freaks is to be found in the Allegro movement of Donna Anna's aria, "Non mi dir, bell' idol." Upon the syllable *à* of the word "sentirà," roulades occur, filling eight measures. In a merely musical sense, and when executed by a great artist, this passage is a very effective vocalization. It is absolute music, and being absolute music it is here entirely out of keeping with dramatic expression and truth; it should not have found a place here. It was, on the part of the immortal master, a moment of weakness that led him to make a concession to a pleasant singer.

Now let us turn our attention to another number of the same opera. I mean Leporello's "Catalogo" Aria; and here we shall find the master in one of his best moods. Don Giovanni, seeing himself suddenly brought face to face with Donna Elvira, whom he had shamefully deserted, effects his retreat surreptitiously, and leaves Elvira with his valet. Leporello, though the type of a cowardly buffoon, is, however, always ready to indulge *con amore* in any tricks of his master's, if the occasion proves safe from immediate danger. To console Donna Elvira for Don Giovanni's desertion, he ironically produces a long register or "catalogo" of his master's amorous adventures. Mozart divided the aria into two parts: the first part (Allegro) is composed in a mere *parlando* style, in which the composer endeavored to do justice not alone to the declamatory meaning of the different words, but also to the dramatic expression of the talkative valet. Leporello, watching the effect of his barefaced imposition and impertinence on poor Donna Elvira, is now and then on the point of bursting out into malicious laughter. (Listen to the orchestra! it tells us all the humorous mood Leporello feels within himself; how it chatters, how it chuckles, how it laughs!) Leporello, the rogue, after all this braggadocio, finally affects (Andante) to enter into a more touching sympathy with his victim, and strikes a tender strain; he cannot remain, however, in that affected temper; he soon forgets himself. In an imposing manner he mentions "e la grande maestosà" to break out, immediately afterwards, into "la piccina, la piccina, la piccina," etc., chattering away according

to his humorous nature, which is at once stronger than himself. He takes up the first sentimental period, and at last finishes by making downright fun of the poor deluded lady; he sings the "voi sapete quel che fa" with such a sneering, satirical leer as to leave not the least doubt that his tender sentiments were all affected for mischief's sake. This aria has no logical musical meaning without the words and the action; it cannot even be translated without becoming distorted in its general dramatic effect. To praise it as a fine musical composition is to utter a platitude. But it is unsurpassed as a psychological delineation of the characteristics of a certain kind of dramatic expression, — here done, by the composer, by means of the inseparable union of poetry, music, and mimic art. Let any actor declaim the words, and however experienced and talented he may be, he will fall far behind the lyrico-dramatic interpreter of the impersonation Mozart had in view when he created the incomparable scene.

Thus every page of Mozart's operas gives ample proof of his deep knowledge of the human heart, and of the means which lay within his art for reaching his ideal aim; for he too was under the faithful belief that the composer was able to express decided emotions by means of music intimately connected with words, both arts, poetry and music, concurring to express thought, sentiment, and feeling at the same time. Nay, we even find, as in Leporello's aria, that this union of the two arts is often so close that either will lose when separated from the other. I will quote here a passage from one of Mozart's letters to fortify the central point of my position regarding the great composer's consummate knowledge of the dramatic means he had to make use of in order to do justice to his impersonations. At the time of his composing "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," he writes to his father, giving him an account of the opera, and says with regard to Osmin's aria: "The 'Drum beim Barte des Propheten' is still in the same tempo (that of the first part of the aria), but in quicker notes; and as his [Osmin's] anger is increasing, this Allegro assai, taken in a different key and more accelerated tempo, must produce the finest effect, especially as one is under the impression that the aria is finished. A man who is in a violent fit of anger exceeds all order, measure, and aim; he loses all control over himself, and so music must lose all control over itself."

FRÉDÉRIC LOUIS RITTER.

HERMANN GOETZ: HIS SYMPHONY IN F.

MR. GEORGE GROVE, in his "Dictionary of Musicians," gives the following brief biographical sketch of the lamented young composer whose Shakespeare opera has excited so much attention in Germany, and whose Symphony, twice performed during the past season in Mme. Viardot Louis's concerts in London, excited general admiration: —

"Goetz, Hermann, born at Königsberg Dec. 17, 1840, died at Hottingen, Zürich, Dec. 3, 1876, a composer of some performance and of greater promise. Though evidencing great musical ability at an early age, he did not receive any regular instruction

till he was seventeen. After passing some time at the University of Königsberg, he at length decided on a musical career, and placed himself at the school of Stein, at Berlin, where he was the pupil of Bülow in playing and Ulrich in composition. In 1863 he succeeded Kirchner as organist at Winterthur, supporting himself also by teaching, and embracing any musical work that fell in his way. Meantime he was engaged in the composition of an opera adapted by J. V. Widmann from "The Taming of the Shrew," and entitled *Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung*. It was, after much delay and many disappointments (not unnatural with the first work of an unknown composer), produced at Mannheim Oct. 11, 1874. Its success, however, was great and rapid; it was played at Vienna (Feb. 1875), Leipzig, Berlin, and a dozen other towns in Germany, and has recently (1878) been published in English (Augener). For a full analysis of the work see the *Mus. Record* for 1878). It was followed by a Symphony in F, also successful, and by a second opera, *Francesca di Rimini* (Mannheim, Sept. 30, 1877). This, however, was not finished when its author, long a prey to ill health, died, as already stated. The first two acts were finished, and the third fully sketched; it has been completed, in compliance with Goetz's last request, by his friend Franck, and produced at Mannheim, Sept. 30, 1877. Besides the above works Goetz has published a P. F. trio, a quartet, and various piano-forte pieces."

Speaking of the Symphony in F, a writer in the London *Musical World* says:—

"Fancy this great artist and true poet — for such we now know him to have been — actually unable, when starting on his career, to find the means of earning bread; glad to compete for, and delighted to win, a poor organist's place at Winterthur; and doomed to spend the last and best years of his short life drudging as a teacher in Zürich. No wonder that, albeit he flashed into fame when surprised Germany heard the "Taming of the Shrew," Goetz died at thirty-six or that, like Schubert, he infused into all his utterances more or less of a melancholy that appeals to us as a lament. Justice, however, has been quick to avenge him. Unlike Schubert, his genius had not to wait through weary years for full recognition, nor, even in this country, to slowly force its way, as besiegers, by sap and trench, creep up to the ramparts of a fortress. It may be said that Goetz's early fame in England is due to the chance production of his opera at Drury Lane by Herr Carl Meyder. Let us call the fact an accident if we will, and what then? Accident plays as brilliant a part in the world's history as design, and if, in the drama of English music, Goetz became known through Herr Meyder's 'aside,' so much the more credit to us that his name fell upon acute ears and stirred inquiring minds. This is certain, at any rate, — we have added him to our list of masters, and mean to keep him there. For our resolve we have ample reason, not found solely in his opera and his symphony. Looking at the posthumous works of Goetz, now in course of publication, it is impossible to deny the man's surpassing genius. His psalm, 'By the waters of Babylon;' his

piano-forte quintet, in C minor; his Frühling's overture, in A; and his piano-forte sonata, in G minor, for four hands, are all *hors ligne*, bearing the sign-manual of one who wears the crown of artistic royalty. Upon this, however, we need not at present insist. The symphony played last Tuesday, in London, under the direction of Mr. Weist Hill, and in Liverpool under that of Signor Randegger (in the absence of Sir Julius Benedict), more than suffices for the purpose of vindicating the claims of the composer, and to it our remarks may be limited. We have already characterized it as the noblest, most beautiful, and most artistic work of recent years, and we deliberately claim this high award on the ground that all the conditions are fully satisfied. What, in the case of an orchestral symphony, are those conditions? The answer is, melodic beauty, lively and pleasing fancy, constructive skill, and wealth of varied color, each and all of which are found in the work under notice. But, looking at the motto from Schiller, which prefaces it, 'In des Herzens heilig stille Räume musst du fliehen aus des Lebens Drang,' some one may ask how far it justifies this avowed poetic basis. Such a question must always be difficult when the composer has given no key to his meaning in detail, and here we can put forward nothing but conjecture. That, however, is easy, and we do not hesitate to say that the application of the motto should be limited to the slow movement. But we go further, and assume that the Adagio was originally a separate piece, written to illustrate Schiller's lines. Goetz was fond of thus preaching from a text, and wonderfully happy in his sermons, as those are able to assert who know his six charming and poetical "Genrebilder" for the piano-forte. On the assumption put forward the relevancy of the motto is undeniable, for if ever music declared that men should take refuge from the storms of the world in the holy quietude of their own hearts, the strains of Goetz's Adagio, now passionate, now reposeful, do so 'with most miraculous organ.' But we can afford to ignore the question of poetic basis in presence of the more positive qualities asserted by this *chef-d'œuvre*. As to melody, the symphony is one continuous stream. We may not, perhaps, speak of it as Denham did of the Thames, 'strong without rage, without o'erflowing full,' for here and there Goetz becomes a little obscure through the very wealth of his ideas. But this is a fault on the right side, and one the blame of which the composer shares with many an illustrious master. As to fancy, we need only cite the *Intermezzo*, — a dainty and suggestive piece of work, worthy of Mendelssohn in his most imaginative mood, while in point of constructive skill it would be hard to find anything outside the productions of the greatest musicians equal to the opening Allegro. Here Goetz manifests a power of developing his ideas not unworthy to be compared with that of Beethoven. Every scrap of his chief themes is utilized and made the source from which spring beautiful and varied sprays of fancy subordinated to a rigid sense of orthodox form. Best of all, the symphony, especially the Adagio, comes to us as a genuine

utterance of feeling rather than a mere scholastic exercise. We know that the composer speaks to us through it from the depths of his nature, impelled by the 'unconscious necessity' of which Wagner makes so great a parade. Hence arises the originality of the music. Any man so moved must needs be distinctive, for minds and souls differ as greatly as faces, and no two are exactly alike. This may account, perhaps, for the occasional strangeness of the master's harmonic progressions, some of which we should not care to defend from an orthodox point of view. But here, also, Goetz is supported by illustrious precedents, and we well know that the heterodoxy of genius in one generation becomes a common standard of faith in the next. To sum up, this symphony is a great work and a rich possession. Adding it to our artistic treasures, let us not forget the obligation to be just to its dead composer, and to raise to his memory whatever monument a knowledge of all his music may decide upon as worthy."

CHAMBER MUSIC IN PROVIDENCE, R. I.

As it may interest your readers to know what is doing musically in Providence, I send you a notice of the first two of a series of four concerts given by the "Cecilia" of that city, an organization similar to the "Euterpe" of Boston. The aims and standard of the society are indicated by the following programmes:—

I. February 14. Artists: Miss Fanny Kellogg, and the New York Philharmonic Club (Messrs. Richard Arnold, first violin; Julius Gantzberg, second violin; Emil Gramm, viola; Charles Werner, violoncello). Programme:—

Quartet in D minor (Posthumous), Schubert; Aria, "As when the Dove," from "Acis and Galatea," Handel; Selections from Quartet in D, No. 7 ("The Miller's Beautiful Daughter"), Raff. The Proposal; The Mill. Songs: a. Widmung, Schumann; b. Im Herbst, Op. 17, No. 6, Franz; Trio for violin, viola and cello, Serenade, Op. 8, Beethoven; Song, "Bride Bells," Roedel; Violin Solo, Gypsy Melodies, Sarasate; Mr. Richard Arnold; Selections from Quartet in G minor, No. 2, Adagio, Gavotte, Bazzini.

II. February 25. Artists: Mrs. W. H. Sherwood, pianist; Mr. W. H. Fessenden, tenor, and the new Beethoven Quartette Club (Messrs. Charles N. Allen, violin; Julius Ackeroyd, second violin; Henry Heindl, viola; and Wulf Fries, cello). Programme:—

Piano Quintet, Op. 44, E flat, Schumann; Song, "Ade-laide," Op. 46, Beethoven; Piano Solo, Mährehn, Op. 162, Raff; Songs: Rubinstein. a. "Yearnings," Op. 8, No. 5; b. "Gold rolls here beneath me," Op. 34, No. 9; Quartet, Op. 12, E-flat, Mendelssohn; Song, "The Rhine Maiden," Smart; Polonaise, piano and cello, Op. 3, Chopin; Selection from "Hornpipe" Quartet (Haydn), Allegro vivace.

The society deserve great praise for the spirit manifested in the selection of the Schubert D minor Quartet as the opening piece in their series of concerts. It was an auspicious beginning, a true harbinger of what was to follow. The quartet is one of the finest compositions of its class. The first movement needs study for its full appreciation, though there are charming bits of melody scattered here and there which must appeal to any sympathetic listener. Of the Theme and Variations (Andante) nothing need be said. It is well known as one of the most masterly pieces of writing in all musical literature. You will hardly find a more perfect set of variations on any theme. It is the gem of the work. The Scherzo is very decided and effective, and the Trio simply exquisite, — just such as Schubert only could write. The Finale presto is full of suppressed fire, and carries you on irresistibly in its rapid movement. In the main

the quartet was well played, the Tema con Variazioni and Scherzo especially well. The work is long and difficult, and was prepared at very short notice. This probably accounts for whatever short-comings were apparent in the rendering, and may also account, alas, for the fact that about one third of the last movement was cut out bodily. This proceeding is to be earnestly deprecated as unwarrantable for any reason. The extreme length of the quartet cannot be pleaded as an excuse, for, at the rate it goes, it would not have taken two minutes more to have played the omitted portion. Nay, more, it shows a want of respect for the composer, who, in this case, revised his work with great care, and is entitled to have it played intact as he finally left it. In the "Life of Schubert," by Kreissle Hellborn, translated by A. D. Coleridge (vol. ii. p. 77), I find the following: The D minor quartet "was given under the direction of Schubert himself, who made the alterations and curtailments he judged necessary on the freshly copied parts." This was on January 29, 1826. On February 1, "it was rehearsed again, and played as a new work."

The Quartet by Raff belongs to the romantic school, and, judging from the two movements given, seems to be a fine composition. The "Proposal" — a dialogue between the 'cello and first violin, — is happily conceived and finely written; and "The Mill" is intensely expressive of the reality. The movements were beautifully rendered and heartily enjoyed.

The Trio by Beethoven was a rare treat and a great success. The playing was altogether as fine as any during the evening.

The selections from the quartet by Bazzini, of Milan, were also interesting. The entire work was given at a recent concert of the Philharmonic Club in New York, and the *Tribune* critic wrote: "It is an excellent work, classical in form as in spirit, and treated in a thoroughly masterly manner. Two of the movements were peculiarly attractive: an Andante, and a dainty Gavotte (these were the two given here), the latter of which might have been written by Padre Martini, or Gluck himself." And his remarks seem just. Whether the work will live and take its place among what the musical world is pleased to call "the classics" is doubtful, but it certainly is a fine composition.

The songs were splendidly given. We like Miss Kellogg's singing very much. She seems to enter so thoroughly and heartily into the spirit of the composer. Her rendering of Schumann's "Widmung" could hardly be improved, and the meaning of the Franz "Im Herbst" was made very palpable to all who heard it. Mr. Bonner accompanied, to the great satisfaction of all.

The violin solo was interesting as an exhibition of Mr. Arnold's really fine playing, but in itself not exceptionally enjoyable.

The second concert was even finer than the first. Of the brilliant Piano Quintet of Schumann little need be said. It is well known, and is one of the really great works that will never die. Its meaning and beauty grow upon one with every hearing. We cannot hear it too often. There is no work of its kind of superior merit in the range of musical composition.

As a whole, the rendering was spirited and musical. The difficult Agitato in the Marcia was given with splendid effect by all the artists. Mrs. Sherwood's staccato playing in this portion of the quintet was superb. She failed, however, to consult her fellow-artists in beginning one of the trios in the Scherzo, thus causing a slight confusion for a bar or two; but this was immediately remedied. This very difficult movement

was otherwise splendidly given. Indeed, the artists in general seem to have caught the composer's idea, and to have satisfactorily interpreted it to the hearers. When there were so few blemishes, one hardly likes to mention them.

I beg leave to differ, in the artists' favor, with the critic of the Providence *Journal* of February 26, who says: "The rhythm," in the slow movement, "was not always kept perfectly distinct, as it sometimes seemed like a 6-8 movement instead of a 4-4." This is a criticism often made, — possibly sometimes with justice, but not in this case. Having the score before me, and giving special attention to this point, I was particularly impressed with the distinctness with which the 4-4 rhythm was marked, and this, too, without interfering with the needed delicacy in the rendering. It surely must be difficult to play this movement without giving the effect of a 6-8 rhythm; but in the present instance the 4-4 rhythm was certainly most successfully maintained.

Mrs. Sherwood's solo was beautifully done. In response to a hearty encore, she gave an Etude of Thalberg's. In her performance of the Chopin Polonaise with Mr. Fries she was also very successful. Mr. Fries played, as he always does, delightfully, and both artists seemed to have caught the spirit of the work.

The songs were in perfect harmony with the rest of the programme. Of course Beethoven's "Adelaide" was the greatest of all, and Mr. Fessenden sang it with much fervor and expression. As an encore, he sang "Nina," by Pergolese. We must thank him for the two delightful songs of Rubinstein, — a selection, we believe, made by himself. The words and music in each are fitly joined the one to the other, making a complete unit, — an absolute necessity in every true song.

A critic in the last number of the *JOURNAL* (March 1) spoke of Mr. Fessenden's style as very "refined and finished," perhaps a trifle too delicate, "and with a too great fondness for *pianissimo* effects;" adding, "If he could only appreciate how absolutely and entrancingly beautiful his stronger tones are, he might use them more frequently and to excellent advantage." With this we agree, and would say he did use them with splendid effect at the words, "Oh, would this were ever abiding!" in the second song. To a persistent encore of Smart's "Rhine Maiden," he responded with a "Volkslied," by Heller. The accompaniments were played by Mr. Kelly.

The Mendelssohn Quartet at the time of its composition appeared as the first for stringed instruments. It was written in 1828, in Berlin, (Rietz: Catalogue of Mendelssohn's works). It is a very fine work, thoroughly characteristic of its author, full of charming and delicious melody, and is worked up with great skill and effect. The several movements are integral parts of one whole; near the close of the last movement a portion of the first is introduced. The same theme binds the whole into an organic unity.

The rendering was generally very good; once or twice a slight confusion, quickly remedied and hardly noticeable, unless one had the score and was following very closely. We think the ensemble playing was rather better than that of the New York Club, though the playing, as a whole, was not so delicate. There was more breadth and body of tone in the Beethoven Club, and in many respects this is to be preferred. It was a truthful slip of the printer when in the announcement of the formation of the club, he said, "Mr. Allen has organized a *strong* quartette," instead of a "string quartette."

The happy music of Father Haydn sent us home in a thoroughly satisfied mood.

Altogether, the two concerts were about as fine as we hear nowadays. We only wish we could hear one like them every week, and that every city and town in the country could have a like privilege. What an elevating and refining influence such music has; how inspiring in the sometimes hard and wearisome struggle of life; how constantly it brings new gifts of rest, peace, and joy!

A. G. L.
NEWPORT, R. I., March 14.

THE OPERA IN BERLIN.

A WRITER in the London *Pall Mall Gazette* says: —

Most students of history are aware that Napoleon drew up the regulations for carrying on the Théâtre Français amid the flames of Moscow. History in this instance but repeated itself, Frederick the Great having supervised from afar the planning and building of the Berlin Opera House during the turmoil of the first Silesian campaign; and within five months of the signing of the Treaty of Berlin he was present on its formal opening on the 7th of December, 1742, on which occasion Graun's *Cesar and Cleopatra* was produced. Voltaire, the following year, saw *Titus* written by Frederick himself, — "with the important aid of Graun," notes Mr. Carlyle, who, whilst mentioning that this operatic hobby cost the monarch heavy sums, and that "a select public, and that only," was admitted to the performances gratuitously, does not mention that the Potsdam grenadiers formed part of the public in question, standing as stiff as if on parade, at the back of the pit. The ballet also engrossed much of Frederick's attention, and we find him prudently noting down that he wanted "something that would amuse and at the same time would not cost much;" protesting, too, that he would spend nothing on the ballets, and ordering a dancer and his wife, "not worth six sous," to be sent off at once. Frederick ruled singers and dancers with a rod of iron, routing one out of bed with his crutch; and, after having brought her to the theatre by an escort of hussars, placed a couple of sentries behind the scenes, till she opened her mouth and sang in tears, which moved the house to raptures. He paid them fairly, but regulated their applause like a fugleman; and he, the hero of Rosbach, descended into such detail as to decide that "Thisbe should be dressed as a pastoral nymph, in flesh-colored satin and silver gauze with flowers."

The Opera House was erected under Frederick's special directions by Baron von Knobelsdorf, after the model of the Pantheon at Athens; the inscription "Fredericus Rex Apollini et Musis," on the main front, revealing the idea that had inspired the king. On the stage of this somewhat gloomy building all the celebrities of their day were seen and heard in turn. From it the victories of Frederick II. and the birth of Frederick William II. were announced. Here was celebrated the splendid festival instituted in honor of Queen Louisa by Prince Ferdinand and Prince Augustus. From this stage the Russians were welcomed as the deliverers of Berlin, and the victories of the Allies were read out to the audience; and here a brilliant fête was held after the ceremony of homage on the accession of Frederick William IV., in 1840. The first Opera House was burned down on the 19th of August, 1843, after the ballet "The Deserter through Love" had been given. A new edifice rose from its ashes within fourteen months; for the old walls, within which the great captain of his age, wearied with work and victory, was wont to take his pleasure, now listening with ravished ears to the notes of a Mara, now watching the twinkling feet of the charming Barberina, and now jesting

beneath his mask and domino at one of the masquerades, were still left standing. It is true that the old solid internal magnificence of marble, bronze, and Gobelins tapestry was replaced by pasteboard and canvas; yet for all this the internal aspect of the house is far gayer and brighter than it was of old. Although the decorations of the building are tasteful and rich, and the interior arrangements admirable, the seats are uncomfortably narrow; the temperature, too, by the time the first act is over, is very like that of the heated chamber of a Turkish bath, and odors by no means those of Araby the Blest are apt to prevail. As the native portion of the audience do not go so much for enjoyment as to be advanced in the cultivation of a musical taste, any such considerations as personal comfort are not allowed to prevail. The ladies, it may be noted, appear indifferently in evening or walking dress; while with the gentlemen white ties and swallow-tails are altogether in the minority. Despite the presence of royalty and the court, of the foreign ambassadors and numerous other dignitaries, for the most part in uniform, the scene in front of the stage is scarcely brilliant. It may be mentioned that at the Berlin royal theatres officers are not allowed to show themselves in the pit, but are relegated to the second tier of boxes; the pit being mostly abandoned to the richer middle classes, the representatives of commerce and finance.

THE PERSONNEL OF THE BERLIN OPERA HOUSE is open to serious criticism. The companies of the court theatres are regular state officials, having titular prefixes, rights to retiring pensions, and all sorts of privileges that induce them to cling to their profession to extreme old age. The Opera House is provided with plenty of singers, some of whom do nothing for half the year. Whether they have any voice left is not much considered: they have been at one time first-rate singers; but usually just as they have lost the last remnant of their voices they get engaged for life at the Opera House, and have no need to trouble themselves about the future. The audience, musically speaking, is a highly educated one; yet, possibly on the presumption that it is powerless to effect any change for the better, it shows itself philosophically indulgent not alone to singers with impaired voices, but to artistes whose voices are perfect enough, but who sing systematically out of tune. At the Berlin Opera the orchestration is, with occasional exceptions, perfect, the costumes good, and the *mise en scène* irreproachable; so that the strongest possible contrast is afforded by the singing. Wagner is an especial favorite with the Berliozes; and his *Lohengrin* is generally given on state occasions, while *Tannhäuser*, *Rienzi*, and the other compositions of the author of *Das Judenthum in der Musik* are so many stock operas. The other composers for whose works a predilection exists are likewise German, and include Meyerbeer, Weber, Mozart, and Beethoven with his solitary opera. Cherubini is also an especial favorite with the Berliozes, with whom *Der Wasserträger* is the most popular of his productions. Verdi's operas are occasionally performed on off nights, but Donizetti's are scarcely ever heard.

Despite all drawbacks, the opera at Berlin enjoys a popularity that is fully exemplified by the great difficulty in obtaining tickets without bespeaking them some time before, even under ordinary circumstances. When a favorite opera is announced, and a favorite singer is cast for a good part, all the tickets are snapped up by speculators, and retailed at two or three times their original cost. Under such circumstances, a decent place for any opera worth hearing cannot be had for less than four or five thalers.

Passing down the Linden, on a summer evening, you are often assailed by eager Israelites proffering opera tickets at 300 per cent. premium. There are, in fact, a number of "seedy" men always hanging about the building, who make a living by buying up these tickets and disposing of them at an enhanced price. The office for the sale of tickets opens at eight in the morning, and the strictest impartiality is observed in the disposal of places. First come first served is the rule. He who arrives earliest gets the pick of the places; for, as the entry to the office is through a long passage so narrow that two people cannot stand in it abreast, positions are secured according to the order of arrival. When *Lohengrin* and other popular operas are performed, people commence to gather round the office door at three o'clock in the morning; and by the time reasonable men are thinking of getting up all the best places are gone, and fabulous prices have to be paid by those who require them. A six-shilling ticket for a representation of *Lohengrin* has been known to fetch as much as thirty-six shillings. This was something exceptional; but it is a common thing for tickets to fetch thrice their original cost. The practice is not only connived at by the authorities, but the men are licensed, it being otherwise illegal to buy and sell opera tickets at Berlin. The ranks of the agents are mainly recruited from old actors, valets out of place, guides, etc. Since the Bourse "crash" opera tickets have been obtainable at less exorbitant prices than they formerly commanded.

THE BALLET.

If the lyrical performances at the Opera are often mediocre, they are more than compensated (in the eyes of the Berliozes) by the perfection and splendor of the ballets. What is lacking in lungs is made up in legs, and a large stage and superb mounting enable the finest ballets in Europe to be here produced. Yet in this branch of art there is the same general complaint that veterans lag superfluous on the stage; for, like the singers, the figurantes are also engaged for life. Listen to a Berliner's lament upon this subject: "Twenty years ago," observes he, "when I was still going to the gymnasium, these hours had just the same bewitching smile, just the same pearly teeth (perhaps they have recently got a new set), just the same black, sunken eyes, and just the same fairy legs. They had the same names they bear now; and it is my fault, not theirs, if I have grown older meanwhile. I will engage to present a quartet whose combined ages amount to over two hundred years. Whole generations may pass away without our ballet suffering any change in its immortal sylphs. There are *premieres danseuses* who have seen three managers depart; and if I compare a play-bill fifteen or twenty years old with one of to-day, I find in both the names of those who were all in the bloom of youth and beauty when the old Opera House was burned down. We have a new ballet every year, with new decorations and costumes; but the old groups never vary. Pity always rises in my breast when I see how some of these ladies try to call attention from the stiffness of their limbs; I seem to hear rheumatism crying out for mercy. Poor creatures! necessity forces them to go on charming us; for some of them possess nothing beyond fifty or a hundred thousand thalers, on which, of course, they cannot live. They have been assured of the right to die in this place by a former love passage with a whilom cadet, who now sits unmoved in his box, with a gray moustache and covered with orders." The old opera *habitués* are called "ballet uncles." The Berlin *corps de ballet* are known colloquially as the

"Old Guard," and the military precision of their steps justifies the appellation from a technical point of view. But though its members may sometimes surrender, they appear never to make up their minds to die.

TALKS ON ART. — SECOND SERIES.¹

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

II.

THE Chinese say, "Economy is saving and spending at the same time." The Yankee thinks that economy is saving. If I don't tell what I know, what a pig I am! I might easily hide my knowledge from you, lest you —

"Flood the market with pictures?"

Yes, or I might selfishly fear that you would do something better than I; when you know that I've always said that I would n't teach if I did n't think that some of you were going some day to do better work than I can do. How many men are there down town who are hoping that some clerk is going to be smarter than they are? It is only in art that the worker help each other.

"But all artists would not do it."

Then they are not true artists. If a man is so selfish as to wish to keep what he knows to himself, that man has n't any soul to put on canvas.

But we easily see where others don't do right. When I go about, growling about Boston and her ideas of art, it is because I am not painting. When I'm hard at work, I'm helping Boston to love art.

"Emerson says, 'It is better to write a poor poem than a good criticism.'"

True. And I had rather paint a poor picture than write a good criticism. It is the critics that make us so timid. You don't quite dare to paint as you see and feel. You can't get rid of the thought of what people will say of your work. That's why you struggle so hard for form. But you must not work for that alone. That is what the academies, the world over, are striving for; and when they get it, what is it worth?

Do what you can do without fear. There's fear enough in love. Let yourself *express yourself*! Thunder! You'd wake up some morning and paint the whole thing in at once. What does Flandrin say? "He who does n't receive from his model an impression can never hope, in imitating that model, to give to those seeing his work any impression but that of a thing dumb and dead. But he who renders what he sees will, in spite of all its faults, make something interesting."

Don't take advice unless you know where it comes from. If a person comes into your studio, it is n't best to turn round too many canvases. You don't see what he does. Why show your work? If he says, "I'd do so and so to that picture," you might reply, "So you would!" If any one can improve on Rubinstein or Michael Angelo, let him do it, and we'll respect his work.

"Judges of art in Boston!" What is their judgment worth? Not fifty cents. "Essipoff does n't touch me!" No, but spruce gum might!

Once in a while look into my little book, and read on until you come to something that meets your case. Keep a little book for your own "symptoms," so to speak. Whenever you see anything that hits your case, write it down. Don't take what you don't need. Don't lug along things that you can't use. Neglect of that rule has caused the French army to be always

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licked to death. The miser gets drowned at sea with the weight of his dollars. *Having!* It has tied up more souls than we've any idea of. If the thing is what you need, take it, and say, "I thank you."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1879.

SOME PECULIAR PHASES OF VIRTUOSITY.

WHETHER it is true or not that we now live in a musical age which may be justly termed an age of virtuosity, we will by no means take upon ourselves to determine. Virtuosity, in a good sense, is a purely relative term, and the fact that most of the higher class of new music published to-day makes very exorbitant demands upon the executive ability of even the most brilliant performers is no proof that compositions of previous periods did not make relatively as great demands upon the executive technique of contemporary players. The progress in technical executive power that artists have made in the last seventy-five or one hundred years is something immense. Even those persons who regard the peculiar developments of modern music as belonging wholly to the domain of progress must admit that, whatever advance the art of composition has made, it sinks into insignificance when compared with the huge strides that have been made in the art of performing.

One of the most noteworthy characteristics of this advance in technique has been that its most prominent promoters have been unable to hold anything like a monopoly of their innovations. The rule that "what man has done, that can man do," holds especially good here. Such and such a player may astonish the world with some unprecedented flight of virtuosity; the key-board is still warm from his touch when his new feat is echoed back by the hands of an army of other players, who are already able to perform it as well as he, and in five or ten years he has brought nearly the whole performing world up to his own level. Paganini is hailed as a magician for his left-hand pizzicatos and his double-stopping in artificial harmonics. But what violinist of any eminence to-day cannot do the same? Liszt's whilom "impossibilities" are very possible now, and have taken a position among the commonplaces of the concert-room. It is Columbus's egg over again. Every man who makes important discoveries in the technical part of the art of performing (for such things belong more properly to the domain of discovery than to that of original invention) does the world unspeakable service; but the sole supremacy he wins thereby over his fellows is very short-lived.

The imitable nature of innovations in technique is a thing of which we rarely find a counterpart in the art of composition. Even such tricks in writing as are commonly called "effects" are not always easy of imitation. To be sure, when Rossini astounded all theatre-going Europe with his famous crescendos on two chords, it was soon found that other men could reproduce the effect to very good purpose. But such successful taking a leaf out of another composer's book is, upon the whole, rare. What a composer does remains,

in general, his own property, and his right to it is hardly to be invaded, save by direct plagiarism; but what a performer does soon becomes the common property of the world, and the ease and rapidity with which it is transferred are at times surprising.

Were the mere mastery over the technique of this or that instrument the only element constituting a fine performance, the number of great artists would be immense; but every one knows that this is not so, and that, although the most brilliant player cannot long hold his head above his fellows by dint of his technical prowess, there are other qualities by virtue of which he can shine forth unapproached and unrivaled. It seems to us to be a mistake to rank all these finer qualities in the performer under the general head of inspiration and æsthetic genius. There is a certain element in the art of playing, which, albeit of transcendent importance, is of no higher nature than what we call cleverness, or *savoir faire*. The prominent place this quality holds in piano-forte playing is especially noteworthy, and as the piano-forte may be fairly considered to be the concert instrument, *par excellence*, of our day, we shall allow ourselves to consider the proper application of this peculiar *savoir faire* to piano-forte playing in particular, without regard for its applicability to other instruments.

It is a singular circumstance that, while the piano-forte now enjoys a popularity greater than ever before, the general tendency of the musical spirit of our time is rather away from it than towards it. Composers are, in general, more or less influenced by the executive material they employ in their compositions, by the nature and capabilities of the instruments they write for. An orchestral writer who has all the modern instrumental means at command will not hesitate long as to whether he shall give a solo phrase to the oboe or to the clarinet; the nature of the phrase itself will indicate the proper instrument easily enough. But when composers write for the piano-forte, nowadays, they often seem to consider it an instrument capable of doing anything. It is sufficiently well known that the tendency of our day is in the direction of intense dynamic musical effects. This tendency, whether deplorable or not, is assuredly natural and rational; the overwhelming volume of tone which modern orchestral works give us is not a purely conventional or merely adventitious circumstance in the music of the period. It is absolutely functional; the very intrinsic character of the compositions themselves, of their fundamental themes, of their methods of development, demands it.

The time has gone by when instrumentation was an element of secondary importance in the art of composition, a mere flavoring ingredient in music. To-day instrumentation goes hand in hand with the other parts of the art. You can play a Haydn symphony on a piano-forte, or arrange it for four or five stringed instruments, and it will not lose so very much of its zest. Try to do the same thing with a Liszt symphonic poem, a Wagner march, or even with a Raff or a Brahms symphony, and you will pierce the composition to the very heart. Now the

difference between the modern piano-forte and the modern orchestra is vastly greater than that between the piano-forte and orchestra of Mozart's time. And yet, when modern composers write for the piano-forte, they often treat it as if it were an orchestra. When they do keep themselves within the natural limits of the instrument, one cannot at times help feeling that they are laboring under an irksome restraint; one can almost hear them saying to themselves "Que diable aussi viens je faire dans cette maudite galère?" For be it remembered that the piano-forte is hardly worthy the name of musical instrument; it has no real tone, or, at most, only the beginning of a tone. A pianist is to a great extent an illusionist; his business is to make his listeners *believe* they hear what they do not really hear. When we speak of legato-playing on the piano-forte, we use a conventional term for something that does not really exist; a melody — especially a slow melody — played on the piano-forte is not a series of smoothly flowing, connected notes, but a series of more or less distinctly marked sforzandos. The pianist, by a species of clever jugglery with accents and rhythmic devices, can cheat us into thinking that we hear a sustained melody, but it is nothing but a make-believe, after all. This power of illusion is, to be sure, inborn in some pianists, yet it is to a great extent susceptible of being acquired by study and practice, and its presence is more a sign of *savoir faire* than of anything else. Its complete acquirement is the most difficult feat that is open to modern virtuosity. The piano-forte music of our day bristles with passages in which this illusion is physically impossible. Take, for example, Liszt's formidable transcription of the march in *Tannhäuser*; the right-hand passages at the third recurrence of the leading theme cannot possibly be *played*. They can be *hinted at*, so that the listener can, with a powerful effort, hear them in his mind's ear, but really hear them he cannot. Such passages are common in the piano-forte compositions of our time, and are the rock on which the pianist inevitably comes to grief; for he is always, as I have said, an illusionist, and they unmask him with pitiless brutality. In this phase of piano-forte playing, virtuosity has long since reached its limit. In attacking much of our contemporary music, the virtuoso is but toying with the impossible, and the best he can do is to make his failure less glaring than that of his rivals. And yet pianists (for most of the prominent composers are pianists) continue writing such things, and expect them to have a musical effect upon the human ear. If this state of things goes on as it has been going on for some time past, the pianist-virtuoso will soon become little else than a living musical solecism.

W. F. A.

CONCERTS.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. — The seventh Symphony Concert (Thursday afternoon, March 13) had for once a programme of orchestral pieces only; yet the large attendance and the general pleasure manifested showed that such an audience does not always need the personal attraction of a solo artist to make good music palatable. The selections were the following: —

Overture to "The Magic Flute" Mozart.
Siegfried Idyl (second time) Wagner.
Symphony, in D (Breitkopf and Härtel, No. 14). Haydn.
Adagio; Allegro. — Andante. — Menuetto.
— Vivace.
Adagio and Andante (Nos. 4 and 5), from the Beethoven.
Ballet: "The Men of Prometheus," Op. 43 .
Suite, for Orchestra, in C, Op. 101 (second Raff.
time)
Introd. and Fugue. — Minuet. — Adagietto.
— Scherzo. — March.

Mozart's *Zauberflöte* Overture, a perfect model of its kind, and a fit initiation into any feast of the ideal, was played with spirit, delicacy, and precision, the quick fugue theme being taken at just the right tempo for clearness and facility of execution, without awkward hurry, and with no loss of verve. Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl" — a very gentle specimen of tone-color for him — was enjoyable in just that way, as an agreeable commingling and flow of sounds, pervaded by a certain mildly melancholy, longing sentiment, and suggestive of the voices of the woods and winds; pleasing, but vague, and moving in a circle, giving you no sense of progress, like a sweet sort of nightmare. The second hearing only confirmed this impression of the first, though it was delicately rendered by the instruments. The happy little Symphony by Haydn, which may have been heard in Boston by an older generation, but not within our memory, was sure to please by its spontaneous beauty and simplicity, the cheerfulness and brightness of its theme, and that consummate grace and symmetry of form which make the art of Haydn like a second nature. The movements are all light and pretty, to be sure, and quite unpretentious; but the magic of the Haydn genius is in them, and this is more and more refreshing nowadays to many whose curiosity about the newest compositions is already somewhat sated. The Andante has a light-hearted, airy, careless, almost sketchy character; but there is a vigorous fortissimo of basses in the middle of it, which lends it deeper background and bold contrast. The Minuet is charming, especially the Trio, in which the oboe stands out in a captivating solo, very nicely played by Mr. de Ribas. The Finale seems to end too soon, — one evidence that it is good.

The pieces from Beethoven's Ballet Music — his earliest extensive work for orchestra, with the exception of the First Symphony, composed in 1800, at the age of thirty, when, as Thayer says, all his work tells of the "sound mind in sound body" — were very popular here some six or seven years ago, both in the Thomas and the Harvard concerts. It is sweet, melodious music, needing the tableaux of the ballet, of course, for its full interpretation, particularly the rather ceremonious monotony of the slow and stately introduction. But with the sudden flood of harp tones you seem to see a statue waking into life; and the bright flute passages which follow, with the exquisite violoncello melody, are ever welcome. The Suite, by Raff, had been played twice before in Boston, — first by Theodore Thomas, and then in the sixth season of these concerts. We think it made a much better impression this time than it did then. We must confess to finding it more fresh and genial, more felicitous in its ideas, and with less that is overstrained and far-fetched than many of Raff's more recent works. The Introduction is stately, and ornate, after the older models, and it is a good, sound, well-rounded Fugue that springs from it. The three middle movements are quite original and graceful, particularly the Scherzo (Presto), a dainty, fairy bit of fancy. The Adagietto, too, with its tender cantabile, was warmly appreciated. The March is bold and strong, but somewhat coarse; marches are a hobby with this voluminous composer, — an easy habit he falls back upon, apparently, when other invention flags.

The eighth and last concert of this fourteen series took place last Thursday, beginning and ending with a great work of Beethoven, — the *Eroica* and the third *Leonore* Overture. The special attraction was the piano-forte playing of M. Franz Rummel (Schumann Concerto, and Liszt's Fantasia on Hungarian Airs, with orchestra); between these, Weber's *Preciosa* Overture. Comments hereafter.

Mr. B. J. LANG's two concerts at Mechanics' Hall, on Thursday afternoons, March 6 and 20, were choice and somewhat unique in character. Both were very fully attended, especially the last, and by the most refined, appreciative sort of audience. The programme of the first concert was as follows: —

Sonata, Op. 81 Beethoven.
Adagio (Das Lebewohl), Allegro.
Andante espressivo (Die Abwesenheit).
Vivacissimamente (Das Wiedersehen).
Miss Jessie Cochrane.
Songs: "Si, t'amo, o cara." (Arranged by Robert Franz) Handel.
"Unter blüh'nden Mandel-bäumen" Weber.
"Das ist ein Brausen und Heulen" Franz.
"Treibt der Sommer seinen Rosen" Franz.
"The Erl-King" Schubert.
"Ach wenn ich doch ein Lämmchen wär" Franz.
"The Two Roses" Long.
"Would it were ever abiding" Rubinstein.

Mr. W. J. Winch.
Concerto No. 3, Op. 45 Rubinstein.
Allegro moderato. — Andante. — Allegro risoluto.
Mr. B. J. Lang.

The glowing, half love-sick, half rapturous, impetuous Beethoven Sonata in E-flat, commonly named "Les Adieux, L'Absence, et La Retour," is one all steeped in finest sentiment and burning fire; it is as poetic and imaginative as it is heart-felt, — a most exquisite creation. The interpreter, Miss Cochrane, a young lady of evident musical feeling and enthusiasm, is a pupil of Mr. Lang, and has also studied in Europe with Von Bülow. She has a sensitive, clear, brilliant touch, a well-developed technique, phrases intelligently and carefully, and shows a true respect for the composer and his work. All that was wanting was more fire and intensity, and somewhat greater breadth of style for concert playing. For the rather quiet, unpresuming manner of a maiden effort we liked it all the better. The tempi were all such as we have long been accustomed to feel to be the right ones; and all the intentions of the work, as well as its spirit as a whole, seemed to us rightly conceived and intelligently, expressively reproduced.

The Rubinstein Concerto in G is the one which Mr. Lang played with orchestra in a symphony concert seven years ago. This time the accompaniment was ably supplied at a second piano-forte by Mr. W. S. Fenollosa. It gave full scope for all the vigor, fire, and finished, brilliant virtuosity of Mr. Lang, who, we are sure, brought out all the soul and all the interesting detail of it. The work is impetuous and somewhat willful and eccentric, as one might expect of Rubinstein. We liked the first Allegro rather better than we did before, and the Andante, by its pensive fragments of recitative, suggesting distantly the Adagio in Beethoven's G major Concerto, has depth and beauty. There is a wonderful impetus and verve in the Finale (Allegro risoluto), which is kept up to too great a length, though it is extremely exciting; Mr. Lang's mastery of its exacting difficulties was supreme.

The half hour of songs, finely chosen and grouped, and exquisitely sung, made a refreshing flowery interval, between the two serious instrumental works. Mr. Winch has marvelously gained in the sweetness and the delicate modulation of his voice, and in the fine, poetic, varied quality of his interpretation, rendering the individuality, the spirit, of each song feelingly and

truly. That by Handel, which has hitherto been heard here as a soprano aria, suited him well, and was given in all the charm of its quaintness. This and the beautiful Romanza from Weber's *Euryanthe*, simple, yet sustained and ever growing to a climax, were among his happiest reproductions. The "Erl King" was admirably sung, as well as accompanied, and the songs of Franz were altogether satisfactory. Mr. Lang's "Two Roses," a graceful, dainty fancy, was heartily appreciated; and the song by Rubinstein, commonly called by its first line "Gold rolls here beneath me" (from a Persian poem, we believe), is something quite original and charming, though not without a certain Schumann mannerism. Every song owed much of its charm to Mr. Lang's fine rendering of the accompaniment.

Here is the second programme: —
Grand Trio in G minor Hans von Bronsart.
Allegro molto. — Vivace.
Adagio ma non troppo. — Allegro agitato.
Mr. Lang, Mr. Allen, and Mr. Fries.
Songs: "Mio caro bene." (Arranged by Robert Franz) Handel.
"Reislied" Mendelssohn.
"Die Lotosblume" Franz.
"I arise from dreams of thee" J. Bradlee.
"Adelaide" Beethoven.
"Ich frage keine Blume" Schubert.
"Absence" Lang.
"Herre I love" Lang.

Mr. W. J. Winch.
Grand Trio. Op. 97, in B-flat major Beethoven.

The Trio by Von Bronsart — conductor of the Euterpe concerts in Leipzig, which represent the newer tendencies in contrast to the more conservative Gewandhaus institution — was a novelty of note. The work and the composer were entirely new to Boston. It is full of dramatic fire and passion, while its movements are kept in the usual form. It is also full of beauty and originality. The opening Allegro is intense and stormy, and gives a sense of power. The Adagio is deep and sombre, almost too suggestive of Chopin's funeral march, but grand and noble. The Finale is strong, but rather more conventional. The Vivace, a sort of Scherzo, though not in triple time, pleased more than any portion of the work, both by its quaint and frolic humor and by its two melodious trios; yet it seemed to us that twenty other composers might have written it. As a whole, however, no work of the kind by any of the newer composers has impressed us more favorably than this Trio by Von Bronsart. Mr. Lang was at his best in it, and it was admirably played by all three artists.

Mr. Winch offered another very choice bouquet of songs, and sang each one of them to a charm. Instead of the one set down for Schubert, he sang a beautiful song by Jensen, "Murmeldes Lüftchen" (Murmuring Breeze). The setting of Shelley's "I arise from dreams of thee," by Mr. Bradlee, showed decided musical sense and faculty for an amateur. It is intensely dramatic, recitative-like, in its style, and contrasts to good advantage with the well-known setting of the same words by Saloman.

The great Beethoven Trio — greatest of trios — was superbly played, and made the noblest sort of ending to the concert.

EUTERPE. — The third concert (Wednesday evening, March 12) was an altogether delightful one. The two selections were such as every hearer could at once appreciate, and such as never lose their charm. Beethoven's Quartet in A, from the six of Op. 18, a fresh, spontaneous, bright creation of his healthiest period, though once so familiar, seemed like a thing that had just sprung into life. Those well-worn variations of the Andante brought each its fresh surprise. And it was all remarkably well played, — by the New York Philharmonic Club, as before. The variation in which the bass part becomes

so excited and so active, caused a general smile of sympathy.

Then that perfect model of its kind, the G minor Quintet by Mozart, as perfect a model, — in pregnant themes, easy, natural development, strictest symmetry of form, and yet the happiest spontaneous flow from first to last, as well as in every grace and eloquent enforcement of expression, — as his Symphony in the same key. The Minuet is simply exquisite, and the Adagio wonderful in its depth of feeling and its reach of imaginative conception. The Quintet, also, was very clearly, very finely played. Indeed, Mr. Arnold and his brother artists gave us the best evidences of their skill in quartet and quintet playing that evening.

CAMBRIDGE. — On the following evening the same artists gave a similar Chamber Concert in Boylston Hall, — a small amphitheatrical lecture room, but excellent for sound. It was well filled with a most intelligent audience, who listened with sincere interest to the Mozart Quintet, of which we have just spoken, and to Schumann's Quartet in A minor, which was given in the first Euterpe concert. Between the instrumental pieces an agreeable variety was introduced by Mr. George L. Osgood's beautiful singing of several songs, accompanied by Professor Paine. These were: "Im Mai," by Franz; "Nähe des Geliebten," and the "Frühlingsglaube," both by Schubert. Being warmly recalled, Mr. Osgood also sang the beautiful Siciliano from Handel's *L'Allegro*.

WE have several other interesting concerts on our list awaiting room for notice, — notably those of Mr. Liebling, and of Miss Josephine E. Ware, a very young and gifted pupil of Mr. Sherwood.

The great musical event of the year will be the performance by the Handel and Haydn Society of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion Music* on Good Friday, April 11. For the first time in this country the great work will be given entire, the first part in the afternoon and the second part in the evening; with this division it was originally intended to be given. In many a church in Germany, and probably in Westminster Abbey and other London churches or cathedrals, it will be heard that day. Here the solo singers will be: Miss Henrietta Beebe, Miss Edith Abell (her first appearance since her return from Europe), Mr. W. Courtney, the English tenor, who is said to have recovered the clearness of his voice, Mr. J. F. Winch, and Mr. M. W. Whitney. Mr. Edward Remenyi has been engaged as leading and solo violinist.

This will be fully followed on Easter Sunday (13th), by Handel's *Judas Macabæus*, the solos by Miss Fanny Kellogg, Mr. Courtney, and others.

Then, to crown the season's work, — or rather to crown the able and faithful conductor, CARL ZERBAHN, on the twenty-fifth anniversary (May 2) of his first assuming the baton in the old Society, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* will be given as it was then, — only better, — in compliment to this long-tried and successful leader.

MR. A. P. PECK's annual benefit concert is announced for April 23. The list of artists is imposing, including Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Miss Anna Drasdil, Mrs. Louise Grace Courtney, Herr August Wihelms, Mrs. L. S. Frohock, Signor Tagliapietra, Mr. A. Neuenhoff, and a grand orchestra.

MESSRS. W. H. SHERWOOD, C. N. ALLEN, and WULF FRIES, will give a series of three classical concerts in Mechanics' Hall, on Tuesday evenings, April 15, 22, and 29. They will have the assistance of Messrs Julius Akeroyd and Henry Heindl (who, with Messrs. Allen and Fries, constitute the Beethoven Quartette), Mrs. W. H. Sherwood, Messrs. E. B. Story, and Henry G. Hanchett, pianists; Messrs. Alexander Heindl, contra basso; Ernest Weber, clarinet; Paul Eltz, bassoon; Edward Schorman, horn also, Mme. Louisa Cappiani, Miss Mary Turner, N. Y., Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen, and Mr. W. H. Fessenden, vocalists.

Among the important works presented will be Beethoven's Septet; a Concerto in C minor for two pianos and string quartet, Bach; Quintet in E-flat, Op. 44, for piano and strings, Schumann; Clarinet Quintet, Mozart; String Quartet by Mendelssohn (in E-flat), and Rubinstein (in F); Sonata for violin and piano (in E-flat), Beethoven; Polonaise for cello and piano, Chopin; Rondo for two pianos, Chopin; Piano Solos by Moszkowski, Chopin, and Schumann.

Such a series will be welcome, surely, to all true lovers of good music.

A CORRECTION FROM THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.

MR. EDITOR. — I trust you will kindly allow me space in your columns to make correction of the statement that the Sextet, Op. 18, by Brahms "was entirely new to Boston" when played at the second Euterpe concert, Feb. 12. If you will examine your files of programmes, you will find that our [Mendelssohn Quintette] club played both Sextets by Brahms six or seven years ago, in the series of concerts given in the Meisanoon, when the programmes, you will remember, were made up mostly of music new to Boston, including the two last Quartets of Beethoven. If I were at my home, I could readily indicate both day and date. Now, whilst I do not think it a matter of vital importance to the world to know who brings out works of this character, statements like the above, and others which have appeared in the dailies within a couple of years, giving to other artists the need of praise which was justly due us, have, in the words of Mark Twain, become "slightly monotonous."

For instance, a reporter for one of Boston's respectable daily papers hears for the first time at a Cambridge concert Beethoven's Septet, Op. 20; discovers charms, etc.; hopes Boston will soon have the opportunity, and so on. Shortly following this, another reporter of another daily hears Spohr's Nonet, Op. 34, discovers beauties, and hopes that Boston may soon have the pleasure of hearing this charming work; returns thanks to the artists, etc. These reports are made, of course, by gentlemen who mean well, but are in blissful ignorance of what has been done in this line twenty or even thirty years ago. Our club have certainly played both works often enough to have worn them threadbare, if works of that calibre will ever reach that condition.

For many years I kept a record of the number of times we played all important concerted works, until increase of business cares caused me to give up such detail, but I remember that all the best works reached into the "twenties."

I would like, therefore, to make this statement for the guidance of all future reporters: that there is scarcely a work worth playing within the province of chamber music, embracing compositions for three up to nine instruments, which we have not many times played. I will mention two works, however, of sterling merit, which we have not played, namely, the Octet by Gade, and the Quintet for piano and wind instruments by Mozart. This record covers the works by the acknowledged masters up to and including those of Robert Schumann. We have also dipped bravely and perhaps rashly into the newer styles in the works of Brahms, Rubinstein, Raff, Goldmark, Max Bruch, Fuchs, and a few others needless to mention.

There is this very discouraging remark to be made about the bringing out of new music by new masters, — and I think all artists have passed through the same experience, — namely: We take up a new work, study it thoroughly and with enthusiasm, perhaps, play it to an audience, the best we can collect, and the work generally falls dead the first time, because the listeners are not in sympathy with it. It does not even sound the same when played to a few hundred pairs of ears that it did when played to four or five pairs. I suppose many reasons can be given. Now regarding the Brahms Sextets, we were so much pleased with the music that throughout one entire Western tour, when we wished to give a treat of new music, we played the Andante with variations from one of these works, or the Scherzo from the other. That is what we thought of Brahms. We have done the same for Rubinstein, playing frequently that exceedingly interesting movement in five-eight time from one of his quartets. Allow me to add here that whenever an opportunity presents itself, where we think we have an audience who will enjoy the best, we always play some of it, although it may not be on the programme, and certainly is at the risk always of being *carriere* to many of the listeners. I do not think that the new music at first hearing is calculated to please, but people say they hear so much about it they would like to hear some of it; we therefore play it.

Allow me, in conclusion, to express my delight at the interest reawakened for chamber music in Boston; I give my heartfelt thanks to the promoters of the Euterpe organization. Long may it live in active operation! It has been to those of our club who worked together with me so many years in this choice vein of musical wealth a most discouraging matter to believe that the love for chamber music had entirely died out in our people. It is now, therefore, a fit subject for rejoicing that the reflux of taste has in Boston brought people back again to their first love. That musical person, so called, who does not get enjoyment from a string quartet is poorly prepared to enjoy a symphony.

Respectfully, THOMAS RYAN.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., March 15, 1879.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 22. — Yesterday was the anniversary of the birthday of the great and glorious composer, JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, and was duly celebrated by Mr. S. T. Strang's closing Organ Recital, the programme of which I submit for your readers' examination: —

Prelude and Fugue, in B minor.

Peters' Ed., Book 2, No. 10.

Choral Prelude.

"We all believe in one true God" (5 voci.), Book 7, No. 62.

Chaconne, D minor, for Violin Solo.

Mr. William Stoll.

Pastorale, in F.

"My Heart, ever faithful."

Miss Edith Lane.

Violin obligato, by Mr. Stoll.

Toccata, in F.

As you may see, the works of the great contrapuntist alone occupied the attention of the public which, despite the very bad weather, turned out in goodly numbers. The performance gave general satisfaction. Miss Lane is always heard with pleasure, and sang the flowing melody of the "Heart ever faithful," with excellent expression. This young lady, having recovered from her throat ailment, returns to her former position as Soprano in the choir of St. Stephen's P. E. church to-morrow. Mr. William Stoll gave the Chaconne with a winning grace of execution and expression, which exhibited some familiarity with Bach's music; the bowing and intonation showed the master's command of his instrument. Mr. Strang developed the qualities of a bold executant and hard student. His registration in the Pastorale was particularly effective by the happy contrasts of timbre and his pedaling throughout was exact, neat, and clean.

Among the many "Pinafore" companies, now and then, there is brought to light some new star whose twinkling was evidently for a large and appreciative public, other than that of the drawing-room circle of friends, or even of the church choir. At the North Broad Street Theatre, a cosy little box of a place up town, a soprano, well known in musical and church circles, has developed into a successful prima donna, in a small work, it is true, but she promises to rise in her profession, and will, without doubt, with her fine presence and excellent voice, if studious and careful, ultimately reach a high position. I allude to Miss Ella Montejo, who, although with some minor shortcomings, such as might be expected in a novice to the stage, is nightly crowding this little theatre with her admirers. AMERICUS.

CINCINNATI, O., MARCH 14. — On Feb. 27 the Seventh Orchestra Concert took place after the following programme: —

Symphony, C major Schubert.
Scena and Aria, "Non temer, amato bene!" Mozart.
(Violin Obligato, Mr. E. Jacobsohn).

Miss Maria Van.

Overture, "Coriolanus," Op. 62 Beethoven.
Scena and Aria, "Tu che le vniuta" (Don Carlos) Verdi.
Miss Marie Van.

Ride of the Valkyries Wagner.

The symphony was very finely interpreted. Everywhere the careful and thorough-going training of the director was evident, and a more perfect rendering was only prevented by the want of greater virtuosity on the part of the individual players. The rhythmic as well as harmonic transparency of this beautiful work demand the most complete unity in accent and phrasing, and the constant thematic imitations which are given to almost every instrument, without regard to the difficulties which they often present, make any unevenness or want of precision very plain. In these particulars the rendering of the symphony was frequently deficient, especially in the Andante con moto and Scherzo, which latter is a most difficult task for any orchestra to essay, especially when a very rapid tempo is chosen. The scena and aria by Mozart gave Miss Van an opportunity to show her capabilities in the sphere of classic opera music. (The aria was composed as an interpolation for the opera *Idomeneo*). Since her first appearance in concert, Miss Van has been a favorite with the public on account of the evident earnestness and conscientiousness which mark everything she undertakes. Her successful debut in opera, as Gilda, in *Rigoletto*, with the Strakosch Company, brought her into still greater prominence. She possesses a voice of pleasing timbre and considerable volume, with fair training and facile vocalization. The Mozart aria, however, demands a style totally different from that of the Italian opera, and it was evident that while a conscientious effort to do justice to the technical and æsthetic requirements of the composition was not wanting, the means to meet them were not adequate. In the aria from *Don Carlos* she was quite at home, and created great enthusiasm. The pompous *Coriolanus* overture and the Ride of the Valkyries formed a most interesting contrast. To the latter Beethoven's words: "mehr Ausdruck der Empfindung als Malerei" are certainly not applicable.

In the Sixth Chamber Concert the following programme was followed: —

Quartet No. 3 in D, Op. 18 Beethoven.
Maerchenbilder, Op. 113, for Piano and Viola Schumann.

Mr. Mees, pianist.

Quartet No. 2, A minor, Op. 13 Mendelssohn.

In this concert, Mr. Eich, of whom I made mention in my last letter, temporarily supplied the place of Mr. Thomas. There was a certain restlessness and frequently a lack of purity in intonation noticeable in the quartets, owing doubtless to the want of more perfect acquaintance of the players with each other. A good ensemble cannot be secured without prolonged and constant practice. In the "Maerchenbilder," Mr. Baetens had opportunity to display his uncommon virtuosity and excellent taste as a viola player.

The programme of the Seventh Chamber Concert was:—
Trio for Strings, C minor, Op. 9 Beethoven.
Sonata, D major, Op. 18 Rubinstein.
Mr. Schneider, pianist.

Quartet No. 1, A minor, Op. 41 Schumann.

The trio for strings (No. 3 of Op. 9) was rendered in a most perfect manner, and it is safe to say that in unity, as well as in bringing out the details of this beautiful composition, the performance was the most finished of any so far given in the Chamber Concerts. The Rubinstein Sonata received a most excellent interpretation at the hands of Mr. Schneider and Mr. Hartdegen. The themes, some of which are a little commonplace, are so cleverly and beautifully introduced that they gain a dignity and interest during the progress of the sonata. In the Schumann Quartet Mr. Thomas again made his appearance, playing the first violin. The first two movements, by far the most transparent and fresh of the four, were finely rendered. The Scherzo and Presto were too much hurried and somewhat nervously played. At the next orchestra concert the college choir will be heard for the first time in public in Rossini's Stabat Mater and Schubert's Twenty-third Psalm for female voices.

A new department has recently been added to the curriculum of the college, under the direction of Mr. Whiting. It is to furnish means for instruction in church music, both instrumental and vocal. A reform in church music is certainly needed, and probably more in our city than anywhere else, for not at any time has this branch of the art been so completely neglected as it is now. The literature which our church choirs and quartets cultivate is of the very poorest and most unfitting kind. Opera melodies which have been put into metrical straight-jackets to suit certain words, the attempts at composition of book-makers who have an eye only to the profits they realize from their "collection," even melodies which are heard at every street corner, are employed to serve at divine service. In the new department instruction is to be given in the elementary principles of church music; the Gregorian tones and their influence on the true church style; the various methods of performing divine service in different countries; analyses of the best known works of the Latin, English, and Lutheran churches; in short, a complete historical and theoretical exposition of church music, together with practical instruction in chorus singing and accompanying. The task is one which certainly requires a thorough and comprehensive knowledge of the subject, together with extensive experience,—demands which Mr. Whiting will doubtless be able to satisfy fully. It is sincerely to be hoped that the advantages offered in this department will be extensively made use of. An announcement which is added to the prospectus has caused considerable comment amongst resident musicians and singers. It reads as follows: "The extensive resources of the college afford the opportunity to furnish to churches choir leaders, organ and other instrument performers, with solo and chorus singers. It is able to assist in this way both churches and singers." In accordance with this notice, two churches which have until now engaged quartet choirs of prominent local singers, have decided to disband them after Easter, and to substitute in their stead chorus singers from the college. The semi-weekly organ concerts given by Mr. Whiting continue, bringing new and varied programmes, in which the strictly classic as well as the modern schools of organ playing are represented. The influence of these recitals cannot be overestimated. It is noticeable that the audiences consist in a great measure of persons directly interested in church music, and connected with the organist and choir positions in the different churches.

A complimentary benefit tendered to Mr. Ballenberg, the organizer of the Cincinnati Orchestra, to whose energy is due largely the possibility of obtaining such material as now composes the Thomas Orchestra, was well attended. The Thomas Orchestra took part, and as soloists, Miss Emma Cranch, Miss Marie Van, Mr. Jacobson, and Mr. Brand, the former director of the orchestra.

BALTIMORE, MARCH 22.—Selections at the fourth and fifth Peabody concerts of the season, both of which were largely attended, despite inclemency of weather and other adverse circumstances, were:—

IV.

Jupiter Symphony C major. No. 4 Mozart.
Cavatina from The Barber of Seville Rossini.
Miss Elisa Baraldi.

Melodrama from 3d act of the French drama,
The Maid of Arles G. Bizet.
Italian songs with piano:—

(a) Santissima virgine. (b) Mandolinata.
Miss Elisa Baraldi.
(a) Piano-concerto in E-flat. No. 5 Beethoven.
Mme. Nannette Falk-Auerbach.
(b) Overture to Egmont.

V.

Symphony in B-flat ("Queen of France") Haydn.
A Movement from a Symphony. Work 12. H. W. Nicholi.
Adagio con passione.

Air and Variations with piano.
Miss Jenny Busk.

(a) Symphony, D minor. No. 2. Work 49. L. Spohr.
(b) Romance from the opera Zémire and Azor.
Miss Jenny Busk.
(c) Overture to the opera Jessonda. Work 63.

Since my last there have been several accessions to the orchestra, which now numbers thirty-six performers. The manner in which the above programmes were received is another evidence of the fact that pure old classical music always calls forth decided appreciation on the part of general audiences, and that a limited orchestra can in most cases effect more good in the way of musical culture by a careful performance of Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, Spohr, etc., than can a large orchestra of some sixty or more performers with labored interpretation of the music of the new school. Our general audiences are not ready for the music of the future, and it is very doubtful when they will be. What they need now is the good old music of the past.

Wilhelmj visited us again for one night only, supported by Mme. Carreño and Walter Damrosch. Wilhelmj, Carreño, and Walter Damrosch! It was like a delightful chamber concert.

Old Bull called on us the evening previous to Wilhelmj with another "farewell" concert. He was accompanied by a prodigious array of talent: a prima donna, a tenor, a basso (who could not sing because "my voice is very sick"), a cornetist, and accompanist. The tenor and the accompanist were the only ones who appeared to know much about their business.

Something unusual happened to us about three weeks ago. We have had some public lectures on music! Dr. J. Austen Pearce, of Columbia College, and musical critic of the New York Evening Post, I believe, delivered five short lectures: four on music in general, and one an exegetical lecture on the orchestral selections of our fourth Peabody concert.

Your correspondent hopes the rather meagre attendance will not discourage the doctor, and prevent him or other able musical scholars from repeating the experiment. I am sure that, if persisted in, the attendance at such lectures would increase, slowly but surely. Their benefit in pointing out the way to a better understanding of orchestral music is evident.

MUSIKUS.

CHICAGO, MARCH 19.—The little lull in our concert season was most pleasantly interrupted on Saturday evening by one of the "Musical Reunions" of the Beethoven Society. The programme was one of interest:—

Sonata in D (Piano and 'Cello) Rubinstein.
Messrs. Wolfsohn and Eichheim.

Aria, from the "Prophet" Meyerbeer.
Mrs. Scheppers.

Piano-Forte: "Ricordanza," Etude Liszt.
Mr. Emil Liebling.

Romance: "Absence" Berlioz.
Mrs. C. D. Stacy.

Violin Solo: "Legende" Wieniawski.
Miss Zelina Mantez.

Duets: { (a.) "Schifferlied," } Sachs.
{ (b.) "Liebeshied," }

Miss Hayne and Mrs. Hall.

Trio in C minor (Piano, Violin, and 'Cello) Raff.
Messrs. Wolfsohn, Rosenbecker, and Eichheim.

The Beethoven Society, by these monthly reunions, does a good work in promoting the growth of our musical culture, for it furnishes to its members the opportunity of hearing a large number of important compositions during the year. For this our thanks are largely due to Mr. Wolfsohn, its conductor.

On Monday evening, March 17, the Strakosch Opera Company began a season of one week, opening with *Les Huguenots* of Meyerbeer. The cast presented Miss Kellogg as Valentine, Miss Litta as the Queen, Miss Cary as Urbano (the page), Mr. Charles Adams as Raoul, Mr. Conly as Marcel. That our musical people were hungry for the opera, was evident from the overflowing house. After so many fine representations from "Her Majesty's Troupe," it was with some curiosity that we observed the effect produced by this company. Admitting that the Mapleson Troupe won its greatest success in the strictly Italian operas, particularly those of a light character, yet in regard to the orchestra, chorus, and general unity of the representation a comparison would present itself to the mind, in spite of the effort to meet the subject upon its own merits. To begin with, the band was badly balanced, and gave evidence of a want of adequate rehearsals. There cannot be much expected of an orchestra that is mostly composed of members who are simply engaged for a limited number of nights; yet such a procedure does interfere seriously with a finished performance, and the public will hold the management responsible for it. We can but think a more careful rehearsal of the chorus would have enabled them to sing their music with more precision and idea, and with some suggestion of light and shade, even if it was composed of a small number of singers. The last act was omitted, and the performance closed with the grand duet between Valentine and Raoul, and thus the dramatic unity was destroyed, and a great injustice done to Meyerbeer's work.

We can but deprecate the attempt of Miss Kellogg to transform herself into a singer of intensely dramatic roles. Her greatest success has been in characters of a light order, like Filina in *Mignon*; and we question if she has the power of voice, or the fitness of organization ever to enable her to win any extended fame in such operas as the *Huguenots* and *Lohengrin*. Her want of power was notably felt in the trying duet in the third act; for, in her effort to lend

dramatic force to the high notes, she strained her voice beyond its limit, and the result was the loss of musical quality, while at times the middle and close of the note would be too sharp to be in tune. Then, too, her lower notes are too weak to cope with dramatic music of this trying kind. In every composition that a singer interprets, she must remember that the idea of music is to delight the ear, and give gratification to the musical mind; and when a passion is forced beyond the limit of pure and sweet tone, it becomes a something so unmusical as to pass into the confines of noise. A voice, when supported by a right conception and a reasoning control, can color each note of a song, until it adequately represents the emotion which the composer intended to illustrate musically and that, too, without robbing the tone of its beauty and purity. We can think of Parepa, Lucca, and more lately Gerster, as singers who never forgot to temper passion by judgment, and who realized that their art was one that was always to delight even the most sensitive and delicate musical organization. Miss Cary sang the music of the page with her usual honesty of purpose, and her rich voice gave intense satisfaction. We are glad to do this artist honor, and New England should be proud of her own daughter. Miss Litta was called to fill the ungracious part of the Queen, and while she sang the music fairly, was sadly awkward in her acting. Mr. Adams, accomplished singer and actor that he is, gave the music of his role with much finish, and in the "grand duet," sang with an intensity of power and dramatic design that was most gratifying. It is unfortunate that his voice will not always serve him as fully as on Monday evening, for he is a true artist. Mr. Conly's Marcel was not an ideal representation by any means. The rest of the parts were very weak.

Tuesday evening gave us *Faust*, or at least, portions of it, for a number of scenes were cut. Miss Litta was the Margherita, and it is no great discredit to the young singer to say she did not fill out the picture that Goethe so wonderfully painted. We have had few singers who could do justice to this part. No one who so adequately filled in the delicate shades of feeling, and brought the listener so near to the suffering, heart-broken, yet loving maiden, as Lucca! The innocent delight of her joyous tones, as she almost laughed out her pleasure, in the jewel song, while she ran up the opening notes of the number, reaches through the mind still, as a cherished memory. Litta was not even the suggestion of that Margherita. Will she ever be? We fear not. She does not show the intensity of feeling, or manifest the elements of greatness necessary to reach the height of the ideal in art. Miss Cary sang Siebel's music splendidly. The rest of the cast were so weak as not even to merit a record. In the Mephisto of Mr. Gottschalk we had direct evidence that "the Devil is dead," and that there was no one left to even take his part.

The remainder of the week will give us *Rigoletto*, *Mignon*, *Martha*, and *Carmen*. Then to Miss Kellogg adieu for some years!

Sometimes the spirit of invention will step into the realm of art and do it a great service. It is so, we think, in the present case. Mr. George W. Lyon, of the firm of Lyon & Healy, has invented a music rack for upright piano-fortes, which will be of practical benefit to all musicians who play this instrument. It lifts the music into a position comfortable for the eye, and besides is an ornament to the piano-forte.

C. H. B.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., MARCH 20.—The following was the programme of the 261st concert of the Musical Society, March 10:—

Symphony (C major) Franz Schubert.

"Beckalmed at Sea, and Prosperous Voyage" (Goethe) A. Rubinstein.
Maennerchor.

Recitative and Aria for Soprano, from "The Seasons" Jos. Haydn.

Miss Lizzie Murphy.

"The Storm," Cantata for mixed chorus,

with orchestra Jos. Haydn.

"Impatience," Song for Soprano Franz Schubert.

Miss Lizzie Murphy.

"God, Fatherland, Love" Wm. Tschirch.

Maennerchor, with Orchestra.

The orchestra had only six first violins this time, and other strings in proportion,—somewhat weaker than usual. The result of this was that, in the *fortissimo* passages, the blare of the trombones and of the cornets, which do duty as trumpets, completely drowned out the strings. It seems to me that it must be entirely possible to tone down this brass, even with the few rehearsals which the finances of the society allow. It ought to be possible also to secure better shading and a much better *piano* and *pianissimo*. But in spite of these defects, I found the symphony very inspiring.

The choruses were very well sung, perhaps quite as well as this chorus usually sings; but I noticed no improvement. There is great need of an influx of good material.

Miss Murphy, a young pupil of Professor Mickler, the conductor, has a moderately powerful soprano voice, and training enough to do the tasks laid upon her on this occasion very creditably. She was well received, and recalled.

The concert, on the whole, was up to the mark of the society; but it looks as if the old organization were barely holding its ground, without making much, if any, progress.

J. C. F.

